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THE TRACK
THE WESTERN BIGFOOT
SOCIETY NEWSLETTER
RECORD
OCTOBER SUMMARY
2004
#142
ALBERT OSTMAN KIDNAPPING 1924. Near Toba Inlet, B.C.
EDITOR RAY CROWE

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ESTHER SCHRITTER TELLS OF
BIGFOOT EPISODES
PETER BYRNE ON VIDEO
RONNIE ROSEMAN AT BIGFOOT BAR
WASHOUGAL, WASHINGTON
VISITORS AT OCTOBER MEETING
AT PATTI DIETZ' HOME PLATE

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The Track Record
The International Bigfoot SocietyTM Newsletter
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* REMEMBER...WE NEED YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS NOW... POST OFFICE THROWS AWAY BULK MAIL. Sorry, I can't replace if lost due to address change. Back order is sometimes possible.

MEETING

REGULAR MEETING DATE IS LAST SATURDAY OF MONTH, at Home Plate, 8501 N. Lombard, Portland. Dinner at 6PM and meet at 7PM (no indoor meeting in July, Aug., Nov. or Dec.) All invited. Free to the public.

Note: the Home Plate is our new permanent location for the WBS. A podium, Bigfoot related products and books, and some display items will be featured by owner Patty Dietz. Next regular meeting will be in January. Have a good and safe holiday.

Patti Reinhold has reserved the Longbow camp for July 9-10th, 2005, so, be ready for next years activities...speakers, let us know if you can attend.

MEETING STUFF

Esther Schritter was the guest speaker for the last meeting of the year 10/28. She started with a video film concerning Peter Byrne. The Outdoor Channel had a Circle Of Honor series, and honored Peter with this special. Interviews were with Cathy Griffin and Tom Dadras, and aired several times in October.

Esther has been fortunate in having several personal encounters with a possible Bigfoot. In 1963 near Stillwater, OK, Esther was four years old, and in a high chair by the dining room window. She saw a "Boogie Man", a monster, the ugliest thing possible on the warm evening. She started screaming...but the nightmares lasted for years.

While in the third grade of school, she was at a frozen pond near home in the daytime. Her dog's hair stood up, and she heard a loud scream from beyond a dam. This time she didn't see anything...only heard the scream.

In the fifth grade she was collecing fossil crinoids as a science project. Near the creek she found a dead cow, freshly killed, the stomach torn out, and a huge human-like track was seen. She got the heck out of there and headed home to the house a quarter of a mile away.

WEAR SKEPTICALS WHILE READING PLEASE

The same year, she was camping out on the farm when she found a great mass of green briars with a tunnel inside. She crawled in and the briars opened out into a huge room with a musty smell. She could stand up in the 10 X 10 room, and look

out numerous peep-holes to see what was going on outside.
When Esther was 17, whe was watching TV, when something was scraping and hitting the outside of the house (same one with the highchair incident). On the front porch a massive hunched over figure with massive shoulders started wiggling the doorknob. She ran out the back way to the car, locking herself in, when the thing ran across in front of her in car, headed towards a nearby creek.
Telling her older sister of the event, sister told her that the night she was born, she saw a big hairy man standing at the door with red eyes.
Later in Louisiana when working for a oil company seismograph crew doing "shots" near Rustin-Arcadia, she was followed by "something" in a heavily wooded area. The 19 year old jogged towards the truck. As she approached, the driver said, "don't look back!" The driver peeled out laying on the horn. She glanced back to see a tall dark shadow enter the woods.
REPORTS
* Sighting: Giorgia, 9448 SW 50th, Portland, Oregon 97219 giorgias9@msn.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Date: 1969, Time: mid-day
Location: Cape Horn Washington, Up in the woods at an old Italians homestead. It had been abandoned for 25 years.
Actions of reporter: I played up there with my cousin. One day there had been a something that scared two sheep in the pond, where they died. And in the old blacksmith building, that at one time was orderly, Something had picked up an anvil for blacksmithing and thru it across the room! Everything was tore up... I could smell a horrible stench in the wind... I became afraid and left the area. I know it was big foot. I had heard many stories of sightings. I think we should leave them alone. They obviously have lived here a lot longer than us, and haven't destroyed the environment. Just leave them alone.
If you need something to do, try cleaning up the environment.
* Bill Green, 4 October 2004. I went in my local woods today and I found a possible sasquatch nest; then I found some footprints. I took some photos and will have them developed in about couple weeks. I think now that its getting colder in Connecticut the creatures here will probably move out the area soon, possibly west or east, I'm not sure. All this evidence was found in the Bristol, CT woods.
Sighting: Brian Toney (skepticals on please)
2241 Greensprings dr#62, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601
[AD] 541-882-6237, HuntumBT@aol.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Date: 9-30-04, Time: 10:00 PM
Location: near Lake of the Woods, Oregon, 30 miles west of Klamath Falls. Thick brush and big fur trees. I was sitting by the fire with the lantern on and smelled a nasty stench and my little dog went crazy then I heard a loud noise from my trailer and looked and there it was going through my water jugs and looking

[PAGE BREAK]

at me about 20 yards away. I am a hunter so I grabbed my pistol and hollered out for a name thinking this is a joke, but no Answer, but nothing, so I shot and the beast left making a low screaming sound. I left camp and came home and got my son to help me look for it.
I seen it before when I was little but was not sure of it but now I believe it! I can tell you more about this and what else took place that evening following up to this. It scared me so bad I peed my pants and was shaking when I got home. I'm always in the woods and seen all there is. This was so up close and in detail. please get back with me.
Physical Attributes: 8' tall don't know the weight hair color was reddish brown with black nipples and red eyes; the smell was of a rotten garbage can and loud low moaning screams.
Sighting: Michael (Skepticals on please)
[AD] PO box 1463, Tacoma, Wa 98401, 253 568 7706 fucari67&aol.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Date: Oct 16th 2004,Time: 3:00 pm
Location: Olympic Peninsula, hwy 101 between Forks and Klalaloch, WA. Second- third gen. Growth, very dense underbrush, sighting in burnt area of growth, appox. several miles up cutoff road. Hilly dense forest, some streams, wetlands apparent.
Description of sighting: Driving back from scenic spot of giant red cedar tree I point out burnt area to girlfriend,,she tells me to stop I said what for, and she is adamant I stop and she said she saw a hunchback back there. Ok so she is serious so I stop of course, I turn around and back around again and see nothing. so I ask her what was it she saw. Now she is somewhat naive,and said she saw a very very thick hunchback old man back there, I ask for more details she said it was definite alive, hunched over, 5ft to 6ft tall, could see legs and long arms reaching down in front, could see part of what looked like forehead? and that it was covered in long grey/streaky black hair....duh I tell her what she just described was a small or maybe juvenile Bigfoot. She just keep saying it was weird and that it was what she saw and it was real... now I know she's not one to live in lies and made up things I truly believe she saw what she saw out there...
Physical Attributes: 5ft to 6ft tall could be taller as dense forest allows. Saw from knees up. Her description up to 300 to 400lbs, hair color medium grey with black streaks. Could not see to much skin, possible forehead lighter than grey hair? hands fit size of very thick being? No smell, not notice gender, no sounds, it was gone as we turned around
* Evidence of 'jungle yeti' found, By David Green, BBC News Online, Manchester; Fresh evidence has been found in the jungles of Sumatra supporting claims that a mythical 'jungle yeti' may exist, claim two UK explorers. Adam Davies and Andrew Sanderson found footprints which seem to match examples they

found three years ago, which were shown to be from a new species of ape. The orang pendek, as it is known, is said by islanders to walk like a man. The pair, from Stockport and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, now plan to write a scientific paper on their discoveries.
The new evidence was found in the Bukkantingi area of the island. Mr Davies and Mr Sanderson also claim they tracked the creature to within 500 meters but were unable to follow it into dense jungle. Three years earlier, they found hairs and prints which were analyzed independently by scientists and shown to be from an unknown species. They have now discovered evidence of the creature's existence in separate parts of the island.
Mr Davies told BBC News Online: "When we arrived in Bukkantingi, we were told by the villagers that they had seen the orang pendek only two days earlier. "They said they had seen it eating soft fruit in farmland on the edge of their village.
"We made base camp there and, two days later, one of our Indonesian guides heard it calling. "We set after it and found new prints which we made casts of and which matched the prints which we discovered on our last trip.
also heard it calling, but were unable to capture it on film a
"The prints had been made that day, our guides told us, and was in dense jungle. "But I think we were at least within 500 meters of it." Mr Davies said the pair now planned to write dow their discoveries and send them to a primatologist at Cambridge University who analyzed the original prints found in 2001.
But he said the habitat of the creature, if it exists, was under threat from illegal logging which had destroyed large areas of jungle since their previous visit. Story from BBC NEWS:
Published: 2004/10/12
*From: decobert.olivier@wanadoo.fr
Subject: sasquatch in the sea, 21 Oct 2004
I contacted Adrian Dorst who is a naturalist of Tofino, B.C. Canada (where I went this summer, and began to investigate the area by foot and sea kayak) and he gave me interesting information about sasquatch in this area:
(from Adrian) One of the people who believes he saw one swimming was on shore in a remote area, the other person was near Tofino and saw it swimming in front of his boat as he came around a point of land. He is not certain but described it to me as having a very large head and also that the hair was noticeably long (perhaps 4 inches). In both cases the animal dived.
To answer your second question, I have been shown a print on two occasions, the first proved to be an overlapping of two bear prints. The second was two years ago and it was in mud. By the time I saw it the print was a mere 11 inches long and not all that wide. It turned out that it was actually shrinking by the hour. In any event it was inconclusive. I do believe I hear wood-knocking once (at night) and also years ago I had an animal stamping its feet at me in the dark on a mountain top. I still don't know what that was but my mind at the time said Sasquatch. Adrian
Before this message, he wrote about Tofino sightings of 2002, and he said there was 16 reports, 8 direct observations and 8

vocalizations heard. The most interesting in my opinion is what he wrote in the message above, about sasquatches swimming and diving... It is in addition of your article about "the sea-man", and also Rob Alley's testimonies of sasquatches in the sea... I think that it will also interest François, but he is not yet reconnected to Internet... Olivier
Sighting: Milena Jerkov (Skepticals please)
Serbia and Montenegro, +381 64 128 46 62
milenajerkov@yahoo.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Date: 8 October 2004, Time: PM
LEN HARSAL
SERBIAN EXPERT
SAYS REPORT
LOOKS GOOD
Dear Sirs, as a visitor of your site, I would like to inform you about a case of seeing a humanoid life form near Novi Sad, the second largest city of Serbia and Montenegro. According to the most listened radio in the town, Radio 021 (check out www.radio021.co.yu), the creature was seen on 8th October, near the building of Provintial TV which was ruined during NATO bombing in 1999 and is situated near Fruška Gora mountain, on the bank of Danube.
Two marathon runners, members of "Dynamic" triathlon club, spotted a creature which was between 2.5 and 3 meters tall, with long arms and wide hips. The creature was around 20 meters far from Spectators (Vitomir and Vladimir). According to their testimony, it seemed very confused and had run
away as soon as it spotted humans around. The two marathon runners didn't report the case to the police, because they think
can help.
that communal services and ZOO are the only institutions which
The reason why they informed media about the situation is because no one trusted them and they think that the appearance of a life form of that kind deserves further investigation.
In addition, I am sending you the original piece of news in Serbian, taken from the web location mentioned above, on Friday, October 22nd. (deleted Serbian language text)
2.
IBS #1
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VANCOUVER MUSEUM
NEWS
SASQUATCH EXHIBIT AT VANCOUVER MUSEUM
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THE MYSTERY
OF SASQUATCH
EARLY ACCOUNTS

DO FIRST NATIONS ACCOUNTS
CONFIRM LEGEND OF SASQUATCH?
For Sale and
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SASQUATCH!
LOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A BC LEGEND
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PICTOGRAPHS AND
PETROGLYPHS
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WOOD CARVINGS
3.
JOHN GREEN
THE LEGEND AMONG US

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I hope that this information would be very useful for your web location and
worthy of further investigation.
Hello Mr. Crowe, It's been a while since I've communicated with you and being that I do not have an outlet for recording my numerous reports of this amazing creature I've decided to send them to you and allow you to publish them in "The Track Record." Most of the reports sent will be from the State of Mississippi but I'm getting a few from other locations in the United States which I will share with you. I still actively follow up on numerous reports within my home state and have been going to neighboring locations following up on other locales. Bear I was contacted by 3 men who while fishing on the Yalobusha River in the city limits of the town of Grenada, Mississippi, east of a railroad trestle. The River at this point does a sharp curve from the South to the West then heads about 200 yards toward the trestle. Just after the curve a creek system flows into the river from the East. A number of people fish at this point because of the creek flowing into the river as spots of this sort produce a good yield of fish and it is very accessible because the southern bank of the river is the main city limits of the city of Grenada. At this

place it is a very congestive area with many houses overlooking the river between the creek and about 5 miles of residency following the river toward the West. On the opposite bank is what is called a marsh/swamp/lowlands area that always floods when wet with many cypress trees. This area is too swampy for development and will likely remain this way in the future. North of where the creek flows into the river and toward the East bank is a protected State park with no hunting allowed and it almost butts up to the creek with a small area thinly populated with a small residential area only. This area is thickly wooded with various oak/evergreen type vegetation. It is almost a jungle it is so thick with no roads/trails. It is a vast area and as stated earlier no hunting of any sort is allowed.

While fishing on the South bank to the west of where the creek flows into the river these three men (African Americans) became very uneasy for no apparent reason. The time of day was early evening in early June of this year. The weather was beautiful but was uncommonly cooler this time of year then normal for Mississippi in June. They could hear over the flow of the water what they took to believe was an owl calling in the thick woods across the creek but on the eastern side (same side the men were upon but across the creek) of the river before it curved back toward the West (they had walked down the bank from parking on the street that ran from the creek toward the railroad track alongside of the river). They were talking and laughing about the success they were having not concerned with anything as civilization was just a climb up the bank behind them. One of the men kept looking beyond the creek toward where this owl was calling. He stated that he noticed the owl seemed to be getting closer to the eastern bank of the river and was wondering if it would fly across the water to the swamp on the western bank. The other two men commented that he was getting spooked and started "ragging" him about being scared of some "ole" owl which the one believed was an omen of danger as his family was from the creole country around New Orleans, Louisiana, and his Grandmother was a juju woman who believed in spells and potions. About this time a dull brownish colored creature came head first down the bank of the river across the creek upon 4 legs from where the "owl" was "hooting" from. Upon noticing the 3 men it abruptly stopped and straighten up into a "semi crouched position" upon its back legs. It had stopped so suddenly that it "skidded" along the slight sandbar along the bank, staring at the 3 men. It's appearance was that of a hunchback, panting visibly along the upper shoulders which could be seen above it semi-oval shaped head. It's arms were "drooped" lower between its knees and ankles. The knees were slightly bent. The waist area tapered into a powerfully built chest cavity with its head appearing as "football shoulder pad-like." The men could plainly see its eyes, flared nose, and lips as this part of the face was a
lighter shade
color then the hair areas. Its chest area was described as "pec'e out" like a bodybuilder with a lighter matting of hair around

where the sternum and pectoral muscles were. They said they could not determine its sex as to the position it was in sort of recessed in its crotch area but that it was heavily covered with hair. The knee area was described as sort of "scabby" with a thin layer of hair with the color being the same as the face and chest area (sort of tanned but lighter in color then the hair). It never stood totally erect as a human. The sighting lasted about 2 min. and it seemed as if it was "embarrassed to be seen" according to one of the men. It did not move until the man who had the juju grandmother threw his fishing rod down on the sandbar and started scrabbling up the bank in a hurry "moaning and making a weird sound." The creature then slowly turned to its left, not completely twisting all the way around so it could keep its eyes on the men and walked back up the bank into the woods where it first came from, upon 2 legs.

The other two men grabbed their fishing gear along with their buddy's who had already left and "Got the Hell out of there!"

Another sighting:

Earlier this month (September), just before Labor Day two African American men went to their old family cemetery to clean up the land for their families yearly annual family reunion occurring Labor Day weekend. The cemetery is a very old one established with graves of past family that were slaves before the Civil War along with other recent "passings" over the years since. It is only used by this family with an old dilapidated church half fallen in next to it with kudzu vines growing over it from years of neglect. They were in an old pickup truck with their lawnmower and weed-eaters in the back. The only time this area sees any traffic is for the annual reunions and the occasional funeral (which is rare because most of their recent family have chosen to be interred elsewhere).

The cemetery is located on the Northwest side of the Big Black River and swamp basin between Winona and Poplar Creek area of Mississippi. This area is a highly isolated location and have had several recorded sightings within the given range over the years. Both men were from the area but had not lived in the immediate vicinity in many years. They were just the closest relatives adjacent too and were the ones designated to clean up the cemetery for family get-togethers and the very rare funeral. One of the men was a Vietnam veteran who had heard of "these type creatures" while in "the 'Nam" (that's another story for another time) but thought that "Bigfoot" was only from "around Seattle and Washington State."

The small two track dirt road leading off the main highway into the cemetery was heavily overgrown with Johnson grass weeds after going to seed and it took several small turns around slight corners going into and out of public view from the highway. If you didn't know where to turn you didn't know the road was even there. On the South side of the cemetery was where the sloughs and swamps started going toward the Big Black River basin (This is the flood zone of the Big Black). This area looks like what is described as a "dry swamp" because the area had not had enough

water in the basin to give it the real swamp look with cypress and blackjack oaks interspersed with heavy thickets of briar and honeysuckle. On the North side was the old Church building continuing north through hardwoods/pines covered in the summer by kudzu vegetation. The West side toward the back of the cemetery and Church was more heavy, large oaks/pine leading to the indivisible "line" between swamp and highland. It was not as thickly covered in kudzu because of the past flooding of the River at this point and had a sort of barren flood area type look (tree limbs scattered haphazardly as if flowing along the rising tide in years past especially over the last Spring when the water was in the basin).
Before cranking up the mower the 2 men started cutting down the weeds with their weed-eaters. It was a hot, humid Mississippi day and took a while to knock down the heavy growth that had

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grown since their last visit (last years reunion). After refilling their weed-eaters with gas and pulling more "rope" out because the tough grass was taking its toll they both decided to take a rest break in the back of the truck bed parked under the shade one of the many tall, spreading oak tree's that surrounded the old Church yard. They both had lit up a smoke and was drinking soft drinks that they had brought along when the ex-soldier, always alert since Vietnam, started noticing in the heavy treeline toward the West something peeking around the truck of a large pine tree. Whatever it was would slowly leaned around the right side of the tree then it jerked its head back quickly. The man said that he probably would not have even noticed it except that the "jerking back" motion was a dead giveaway. It was inconsistent with when it would lean toward the right like a leafed out limb blowing gently in the breeze (which there was no wind whatsoever at the time and pine trees spread its branches more toward the top of the tree leaving the lower truck barren another giveaway to something "strange") and then abruptly "jerked" its head back very fast. He then started noticing that for him to see this motion happening that it had to be a crazy woodpecker along the backside of this tree because taking into account the height of the weeds outside the west border of the cemetery (hadn't been cut in many years because there was no reason too) and the height of the tree in relation to the level that the tree was rooted upon (the same as the level of ground that the cemetery was situated on) that this "thing" was about 10 foot off the ground. Any lower and it would have been screened by the tall weeds. He thought that he was looking at a very big woodpecker colored different from any he had ever seen but he now realized that he was trying to place "logic" with what he was seeing compared to what he was actually looking at. He pointed this out to his brother and he was able to see this to only from his angle of viewing every time whatever it was "jerked" back what looked like a shoulder

appeared on the left side of the tree! Both men now were really "interested" in what they perceived to be something humanlike as with both of their comparison on what they were seeing from different angles caused the two to sharply focus in on the "target" of attention! They even left the truck and walked toward the back side at different angles to identify what they were both looking at. Whatever it was looked again around the trunk and then rapidly turned itself around and walked toward the Southwest into the swamp on two legs! During this last "peeking" because of his getting off the tailgate and walking toward the left the ex-Vet saw that the head was shaped in a conical style position slanted at an angle toward the right very much covered in what he described as a "broom-sage" looking color only slightly darker.
Both men was just able to view it moving away from them between the trunks of the many trees and both said it was very muscular in the back, walking in an upright position swinging its arms. It never looked back.
I have many more sightings from others to report from Mississippi and other locations and have had a very interesting time on my own property this past year because of "displacement" that I have yet to take the time to record or write down. The property adjacent to mine has been logged off over the Winter causing another "troop" to end up "squabbling" with the troop that uses my land (Very Fun and Wild).
Bear (more later this issue)
Sighting: DR Bhudia, Navavas, Madhapar - Kutch, Bhuj, Gujarat 370020, India kutchscience@yahoo.co.in
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
14 Aug 2004, morning; Location: Mountains Gangeshwar dome area near GUNAWARI river; Actions of reporter: exploring sites
Witnesses: B M JADEJA
Description of sighting: Dear editorials, Science and Geologist friends, Many doubts were raised when ETV and Bombay SAMACHAR broadcasted the following news, with doubt that the PURVA - Aadi MANAV ancestor was not existing at that
5.
time but now the skeleton evidence came out today that the ancestor missing link was there at that time before (about 22 to 5.5 million years ago) between 11 and 16 million years ago. The partial skeleton of this 13-million-year-old \"missing link\" was found by palaeontologists working at a dig site near Barcelona in Spain. That time matches with the Rameshwarm bridge and RAMAVATAR and Koteshwar - RAVANa History (Tretauga), means Formation of MONKEY and Apes army formation by DEVAS. that will rule out all the doubts raised for the PURVA - Aadi MANAV. Sent: Wednesday, September 01, 2004 10:29 AM Subject: The print is about 17 inches long and does look like a normal human footprint. GUJARATI
http://www.bombaysamachar.com/20040814/desh04.htm
DETAILS ARE in News Prints
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/kutchScience/message/123
Some Geologist do disagree with the human footprints in Older

layers but they need to understand the later formations, on the layer of old fossilated layers which are indistiguisable from the newly formed layers at the same place. (read below)
Hominid Foot prints found in older layers may have been formed later in the geological process but the study of Photomicrographs and infrared photography is required so that to eliminate that there were no signs of carving or artificial markings in or around the prints. A study of microscopic count of sand grains is raised required so indicating that the material within the prints had been impacted, and created as the result of a force pressing down on the firmament while it was soft. These facts show that the prints were made by the natural result of pressure from the human foot, and in no way could have been duplicated by carving. The rock in which the prints were discovered was estimated to be 100 million years old. In recent years, the prints may have been stolen by \"thieves and vandals.\" so POP moulds has been prepared and saved, also a portion has been damaged while removing POP moulds in parts from the print fossile. Many geologist did visited the place secretely when no other one was there!
Distictive features of the Hominid foot prints.
1) Impresion of distinctive head of First metatarsal of right foot with very well-marked all toes.
2) Impresion of distinctive lost planter arch suggesting flat footed heavy weight,
3) wel proportionate size (wide- long) and toes impressions
4) many prints are worn out and some of diff sizes and different directions too
5) welmarked foot print size 43Cm - can suggest Body height of about 9 feet jiant\'s HOMINID foot print.
Those who do not have sufficient knowledge, do disagree with views, Many doubts that this is not called the fossil. and many say that layers are too old and human was not there. but is the Human evolution time scale is adaquate? Man made structures under sea in the Rameshwaram to shriLanka do stand in favour of the Human activity long before, if that was RAMA time was RAVAN there and was history of KOTESHWAR formation correct. then human evolution and Darvin may be INCORRECT or just a guess and Human evolution history should be written in correct way and order as western world is unaware of these VEDIC science and so predict wrong way.
Phase Two Fossils: Burroughs Conjecture; The most cogent explanation of anomalous fossil footprints is perhaps offered by Dr. William Greely Burroughs, of Berea College in Kentucky. Dr. Burroughs conjecture is that a depression in fossil-bearing rock may, long after the original fossils have been formed, be filled with a sediment that in its turn may also become the medium in which the impression of a footprint or the body of a creature is fossilized. When this second period of fossilization is complete the newly formed rock may be indistinguishable from the older formation, and the new fossils may appear to have formed at the same time as those which are much older. Thus, several

fossilization processes may wind up looking like a footprint made at the same time. This is undoubtedly the case in many instances,
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but the theory is lacking in several respects. Firstly, fossilized human footprints have been found deep within rocks that show no evidence of discontinuous formation, not just at the junction of sedimentary! layers. Secondly, out of place fossils are often inconsistent not only with the ages of associated fossils but also with the rock strata and the age conventionally ascribed to them.
By Dr.BHUDIA-Science Group Of INDIA.
http://uk.groups.yahoo.com/group/venustransit 2004/
President:\"Kutch Science Foundation\".
Founder:\"Kutch Amateurs Astronomers Club - Bhuj-Kutch\".
Life Member:\"kutch Itihaas Parishad\".
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http://in.groups.yahoo.com/group/scienceclubofindia
http://in.groups.yahoo.com/group/kutchscience
http://in.groups.yahoo.com/group/kachchh
http://in.groups.yahoo.com/group/bhuj
Do visit our ABOVE Clubs/Groups of Science club of India, ScienceGroup of India.
Sighting: Mark Francis and Rick Cheechy
345 Fairview, Sudbury, Ontario p3e 1r4, Canada
vampiro349@hotmail.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Date: November 27, 2004, 11:30pm
Location: behind the Kingsway Hotel
We were behind the Kingsway hotel playing hide and seek and we saw a 7 foot tall hairy figure and it looked at us and we ran it started to follow us and we ran to the highway and it stopped following us we were scared of our lives we didn't know if it was bigfoot or the Florida skunk ape
Witnesses: Dustin Basilloux
Description of sighting: 7 feet tall,black, hairy figure, monkey like face, looked to between 350 and 800 pounds, it made a weird scream when we got to the highway, it smelled like a dead skunk
* Sighting Report, Dec 1
Abby Rust, 6 Church St, White Sulphur Springs, WV 24986, [AD] 304-536-4007 ajl1123@yahoo.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Date: 3-2004Time: 2:00pm
Location: Spruce Knob Highest elv. in WV. Wooded Mountin area, Going to the top of Spruce Knob on the dirt road in a car
Witnesses: Nancy Rust
Description of sighting: My Mom and I Were Going to Spruce

Knob we had never been there and wanted to go and see it. I am guessing that it was march it was early spring and still had snow on the ground. We had been driving very slow that day I was driving my mom was in the front passenger seat. She sees everything nothing gets by her she is a retired police officer We stopped on the way up to get some water out of a little mountain spring, filled up the water bottles and went on our way. We drove for about 25 min and hit very deep snow and ice because of the elv. we turned around and came back down the mountain. We stopped at the same place to get water again and then there was Foot Prints in the snow that was not there before, they were just like a mans foot just bigger and what kind of man is in the woods in the snow barefoot. The footprint was about 2 times bigger than my dads foot and he wares a 12 and a half, the second toe was longer than the big toe and the prints went up the bank and looked at us, if it just stepped over a wire fence, now that we look back on it we think that there may have been hair on the fence but we can't really recall but there was a very strong smell like nothing I've ever smelled.

MISCELANEOUS

* Kimba d' MechieP; Some believe animals sensed St. Helens' mood, By M.L. LYKE

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER REPORTER

COUGAR -- An hour before the snoozing mountain shook itself awake, Rita Tarrant's ears perked.

The sounds she heard that September morning were deer and elk crashing through the brush on her property. "They were heading in the opposite direction of the mountain," she said.

Then her animals - two cats and a dog -- began a massive bunny chow-down. "Within a minute of each other, they all got baby rabbits." The rabbits, like the deer and elk, were on the run.

"I kept thinking 'These animals know something.'

Tarrant, who lives 15 miles from the dead center of Mount St. Helens' crater, relates the tale inside the Cougar Bar and Grill, where she works as a waitress.

It's a homey roadside stop in this little town of about 200, the closest town to the blistering, belching, burning mountain, which sprung back into action Sept. 23. Inside, mounts of a snarling bobcat and black bear hang from paneled walls. "Please do not rip away any parts of the animal," reads a hand-lettered sign tacked beneath the bear.

Regulars assure new carloads of strangers they are not nervous Nellies about the fickle fire mountain overhead. They say the media's got the whole thing blown out of proportion. They say there's nothing much to blow up anymore. Worst that can happen is ash -- and they got 9 inches last go-round.

"It scares people more in Portland and Vancouver than the people who live by the mountain," Tarrant said.

But even the most stoic two-legged residents ringing the mountain are happy to talk about hyper-sensitive four-legged mammals picking up telltale signals from the mountain, like walking Ouija boards of natural disasters.

Do animals have a sixth sense about quakes and eruptions? Historical records repeat the tales over centuries. In the year 373 B.C., ancients told of rats, snakes, weasels and other animals deserting the Greek city of Helice days before a quake turned it to ruins.
Such stories are often pooh-poohed as "anecdotes" and "old wives' tales" in American scientific circles. Despite documented cases of unusual animal behavior prior to seismic activity, no studies have determined reproducible connections between specific behaviors and seismic onset, says the U.S. Geological Survey.
Researchers in Japan, however, have paid closer attention to the erratic behavior of animals -- and even questioned whether the behaviors might be used to forecast quakes.
Certainly, around The Mountain - which has turned its northern sister Rainier into A Mountain in recent weeks - talk of animal oddities is on the rise.
Storm Johnston, director of the Humane Society of Cowlitz County, said a woman from Castle Rock brought in a dog that had allegedly bitten someone right after the mountain first vented steam. "I don't know if I can believe it though, because of his temperament when he came in here," Johnston said.
Carolyn Johnson, who lives on the Toutle River, 27 miles "as birds fly" from the crater, says the 20-odd deer that graze on her property seem super alert to the moods of the mountain. "They seem to disappear every time the mountain puts out a good-sized poof," said Johnson.
She has also seen cougar tracks in recent days on the property. "We think they're leaving up above and coming down below."
Stories that herds of elk and deer are moving down the mountain are legion, but unsubstantiated. State game agents cannot get into the restricted zones ringing the mountain to do surveys.
"It would make sense, if there were tremors, that they would move away. But below we're seeing the same numbers," said Fred Dobler, a wildlife manager for the Department of Fish and Wildlife's Southwest Washington region.
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REPUBLIC
Frederick Bradshaw
Twenty-year
Elma resident Frederick T. Bradshaw, 57, who had worked in law enforcement, died of a heart attack Thursday, Oct. 21, 2004, at Republic.
He was born Jan. 23, 1947, in Tacoma to Robert Latham and

Dorothy Ida (Miller) Bradshaw.
He graduated from Aberdeen's
Weatherwax High School in
1966. In 1976, he earned a basic
law enforcement degree from
Centralia College.
ma; a son,
Richard T. of
Federal Way; a
daughter, Kim-
berly A. Rydman
of Aberdeen; a
brother, Jerry of
Tacoma; sisters,
Carol Howell, with whom he
lived, and Sherry Merman,
Neola Larabee and Patti Ham-
blin, addresses unavailable,
and a grandson.
At his request, there will be
Mr. Bradshaw had been a no service. Cremation arrange-
corrections officer for the ments were by the Bergh
Grays Harbor County Sheriff's Funeral Services of Oroville.
Office. He had also been Memorial donations are sug-
employed by the Aberdeen and gested to the Heart Fund or a
Westport police departments diabetes
and worked for a short time in
Alaska. He retired in 1986.
He married Jane Clevenger.
They later divorced.
Mr. Bradshaw was a member
of the Eagles, the Western Big-
foot Society, the Bigfoot
Research Organization, East
County Search & Rescue and
the Logistic Support Team of
Northwest Special Investiga-
tions.
He enjoyed hunting, fishing,
bigfoot research, sandrails,
Jeeps and camping.
Survivors include his moth-
er, Dorothy Valentine of Taco-
organization.
DERIC DOBESH
[AD] 360-651-2299 fax 360-658-9567
3405 172nd St. NE Arlington, WA 98223
BIGFOOT
PA Amps Drums Guitars.
MUSIC
There will be a special newsletter issued
In Nov and Dec 2004, to run some longer

Reports. No's 143, and 144. To be mailed
As normal reports...mail back if you don't
Want them and I'll credit your file. Ray
WHITEHALL, MT
Top Five List LEDGER 15 OCT 04
Don Monroe
Bo Handle Wil
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13
Don Monroe of Spencer, Idaho, is the organizer of the International Bigfoot Report Station Headquarters and a leader in the effort to discover and protect Bigfoot or Sasquatch species and habitat. Monroe was in Whitehall on Oct. 9-10 for the outdoor show, and said a new book is coming out in 2005 that will help prove the existence of Bigfoot. Monroe said new Bigfoot discoveries will soon become part of the historical record, and said Bigfoot sightings are not uncommon in Montana. He said sightings have been reported from the mountains near Great Falls to the northwestern portion of the state, to the Idaho/Montana border, and in southwestern Montana. Monroe has been involved in the publication of books about Sasquatch, and is a national figure in the world of Sasquatch research and investigations. Monroe was asked why he believes so strongly in Bigfoot, and he quickly came up with five reasons.
Top Five Reasons Why I'm Involved In
The Bigfoot Report Station Headquarters
by Don Monroe
5) I'm trying to preserve their existence from annihilation.
4) As an officer in the Western Big Foot Society under the direction of Ray Crowe, I've been on radio talk shows and spoke before groups discussing Bigfoot research and investigations.
3) It's about an exhilarating hobby as you can have...proving the existence of a creature such as Bigfoot.
2) I just don't believe in them. I know they exist. I know they exist.
1) I've seen one on Mt. Index, Washington, in 1981.
7.

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Dick Ford, director of Weyerhaeuser's Forest Learning Center 12 miles from the crater, said that while the elk herds grazing nearby are smaller, the problem isn't seismic sensitivities, but starvation.

Trees planted since the 1980 eruption have grown tall enough that they are shading out light, and killing the grasses elk love to eat.
He agrees animals have instincts that may have been lost to humans, but points out the numbers:
In the '80 eruption, 1,500 elk, 5,000 black-tail deer, 300 black bears and 25 cougars died. "They may have been running in circles trying to figure out which way to run, which way to go," Ford said, "... but they weren't that good."
Still, everyone in the shadow of the shaking lady has an animal story.
Phil Overbye, who lives in Silver Lake, about 30 bird miles from the mountain, said his dogs Buddy and Gracie and horse Misty got kind of strange two days before the latest eruptions. "My wife was saying 'What's up with the dogs?' They were real clingy, wouldn't get out from underfoot ... and the horse kept rubbing her head on my shoulder, wanting attention.
"They were all real needy. They knew something was going on," said Overbye, exiting the Shell Mini-Mart in Toutle with a handful of candy bars and a fridge pack of Miller draft.
Overbye, who lives about 30 "bird" miles from the mountain, admits he is, for one, a nervous Nellie.
He stared into the face of the mushroom ash cloud in 1980 and knew he was a dead man. So he values his life.
Which is why, when he finally got up his nerve to drive up to the blocked-off end of state Route 504 - the road that stops just eight miles from Mount St. Helens he took one look around at the busloads of tourists, school kids, volcano-philes camped out on hillsides and turned right back around from the volatile mountain that killed several of his friends.
He couldn't get away fast enough.
"I got the heck out of there because I was scared," Overbye said. "I know what that mountain can do. I thought, 'I have to get away from that mess.' "
He won't be going back.
"That would be insane," he said. Call it animal sense.
*MarkABylsma@aol.com, Via The Anomalist: http://www.anomalist.com
Woman tells her story of being married to Bigfoot
A fantastic love story has been recently unveiled in St. Petersburg, Russia. Psychiatrist Nikolai Boyarchuk said that he had copied the text of the story from the file of a female patient. The doctor said that the story that happened to Oksana Terletskaya was absolutely real. He added that it would not be immoral to write about it in press, because the woman either died or she would never return to live with humans again.
The 19-year-old girl was "married" to the Bigfoot for almost a year. The girl lost her way in the woods one day, after she had been hurt by her boyfriend. She went to wander in the woods just because she could stay there alone with her feelings. Oksana completely ignored the fact that she had lost her way home. She sat down underneath a tree and cried, trying to get over the pain in her heart. She realized that she had gone astray when it was too

late. She came across raspberry bushes and decided to eat some berries before she could start looking for a path home. When she was picking raspberries, she heard a strange noise nearby, as if someone was champing. When the girl moved the branches aside, she saw a big hairy creature that looked like an orang-outang. The girl screamed and lost her conscience. "I came to my senses in a cave. I could hear a stream nearby and there were rays of light coming down on me from a hole in the ceiling. Tang - that's how I called the creature afterwards - was sitting opposite me. He was baring his teeth, as if he was infuriated. I realized later that it was just his smile. The hairy animal came up to me and started sniffing my clothes. Then he roared and tore my clothes to pieces. My heart was about to explode with horror, but he continued sniffing me until his nose stopped near my groin. He roared again and threw himself over me.'

When Oksana woke up the next morning, she realized that she had become the prisoner and the wife of the hairy creature. When Tang was going out, he would cover the entrance to the cave with a big boulder, leaving was no way for the girl to escape. Tang would always bring something to eat - berries, nuts, mushrooms, eggs or raw meat. The terrible sex with the animal became a daily torture for Oksana.

There was a spring in a corner of the cave - the water was running somewhere outside the cave. Tang strongly refused to let the girl out. The 'beauty and the beast' started developing a relationship. Tang showed interest in the girl's CD player. Oksana had only one CD with her - best hits of the band Kino. When the girl carefully showed the monster how to listen to the music in the headphones, the Bigfoot was horrified. He got used to the music later, though, and even liked one of the songs on the CD. Tang was very upset, when the music stopped playing because of low batteries. He would spend hours shaking the device in his hands. "I took the batteries out and gestured him that it would not work without them. The next morning Tang took one battery and left. When he returned to the cave in the evening, he brought a pack of batteries with him." Yeti undoubtedly broke into a little shop somewhere in the town. Oksana concluded that the cave, in which she was staying, was not too far from a settlement, where people lived.

Yeti's prisoner could not see how days turned into nights, and how summer turned into autumn. When Tang started stocking food for winter, Oksana figured that it was already autumn outside. She tried to explain to the beast that she was cold. Tang listened to his "wife" and left. The hairy monster turned out to be rather bright than Oksana thought he would be: in the evening Tang brought a warm padded jacket and pants. It became known afterwards that the girl's story coincided with the story of a tractor driver, who said that a monster attacked him in the beginning of October, shook him out of his clothes and disappeared. Oksana was happy to find a lighter in a pocket of the jacket.

"I picked some dry branches and leaves from the ground and

decided to make a fire. When he saw the fire, he became very excited. It seemed to me that anger and horror was tearing him apart from inside. He became very quiet: he sat down in a corner and did not make a sound. I felt sorry for him. I managed to overcome my own fear, though. I came up to Tang and stroke him on the head. He put his big arm around me and whined. A week later he was happy to join me near the fire. We started frying chestnuts and meat. Tang was thrilled, when he tasted fried meat. I also hoped that hunters would notice the smoke coming from the hole in the ceiling of the cave, but people did not find Tang's shelter. I caught cold in the beginning of winter. Tang understood that I was ill and he tried to feed me with some roots and plants. He would hug me tight at night to make me warmer."

Oksana managed to escape from her prison only in spring. Her relationship with Yeti had become almost perfect by that time. Tang would take her out in the mornings to see the sunshine, but he would never leave the girl alone. One day he sensed something dangerous in the air. Before leaving, he covered the entrance to the cave with the boulder as usual, but did not notice a small gap that the boulder left. It took the girl great efforts to sneak outside, but when he finally succeeded to get out of the cave, she started running without making a stop. When she saw people in the woods, she realized that she was finally free.

"Her parents took Oksana to our hospital,- Dr. Boyarchuk said. - The girl was mentally incompetent; all I could hear from her was that she had been married to a Bigfoot for a year. She never managed to get used to home conditions. She was afraid of going out even during the day, she was terribly afraid of the dark. In addition, Oksana could not eat normal food," the doctor said.

The girl recovered a little at a mental hospital. She told her story to her doctor and he put everything down in Oksana's file, having considered it the description of the patient's delirium. When the girl realized that nobody believed her story, she gave way to

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Imagining
BIGFOOT
Authors Molly Gloss and Robert Michael Pyle
explore legend and landscape in the Pacific Northwest.
Kewi
ewy and
CENTER FOR
COLUMBIA RIVER
HISTORY
A REGIONAL PARTNERSHIP
DR ROBERT PYLE TALKS ABOUT
HIS BOOK ON THE DARK DIVIDE
"THE PHENOMONON OF BIGFOOT EXISTS."

2004
CASTLES
ENDOWMENT
PRODRANT
PART OF THE CROWD AT THE TALKS
9.
MOLLY GLOSS TALKS ABOUT HER
BOOK "WILDLIFE," A WOMAN MEETS
BIGFOOT FAMILY IN SW WASHINGTON

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despair. She did not show any reaction to her parents, when they visited her, she did not want to eat or drink. One day Oksana started recovering very fast. She started eating, talking and even laughing. When doctors told her that she was getting better, Oksana laughed and said that she had never been sick. She added that "he" knew where she was and that "he" would come to rescue her. Doctors considered such behavior the new stage of Oksana's illness and decided to isolate her in a special room. However, the girl disappeared from her ward at night in the middle of November. Someone very strong pulled steel bars out of the brick wall. Oksana's ward mates all said that a huge hairy monster had kidnapped the girl. Cynologists never managed to trace the Bigfoot because of the heavy snowfall.

*Don Keating <eobic@yahoo.com> 21 Oct 04

(Newcomerstown, OH) --- Don Keating of the Tri-State Bigfoot Study Group is proud to announce the starting stages of planning for the 17'th Annual Bigfoot Conference. The event will take place on Saturday May 7'th, 2005. The biggest news of all, so far, is that the event will be held at Salt Fork State Park in Guernsey county, Ohio. Salt Fork is located about 10 miles northeast of Cambridge.

Initially Salt Fork personnel contacted Don Keating, Conference host and organizer, about having the event at their lodge. Keating was intrigued by the invitation and seeing that Salt Fork has the highest number of visitors annaully of any of Ohio's state parks, he decided it would be a great venue for the event. As of October 21'st details and deals are being negotiated with SFSP officials. Potential guest speakers are also being contacted at this time. To keep an eye on the progress of the event, you may go to http://www.angelfire.com/oh/ohiobigfoot/abc.html and you will find all of the information there that you need. If any questions, comments or suggestions arise, please contact Keating at eobic@yahoo.com and he'll get back to you as soon as possible.

* Fred Bradshaw, dedicated Bigfoot hunter, dies. Fred Bradshaw, in his 50s, of Elma, Grays Harbor County, Washington State, passed away on October 22, 2004. First reports indicate he died suddenly of a heart attack while on a hunting trip.

Fred Bradshaw was a dedicated Sasquatch researcher, who had originally worked as a law enforcement officer for several years while committing his off-work hours to the pursuit of Bigfoot, as

an unknown species. As a retired sheriff's officer, Bradshaw spent his time verifying and recording sightings through his organization, Bigfoot Research, a company based near Olympia, Washington. Bradshaw also created a forensic business, Pacific Northwest Special Support Team, for the equal use of law enforcement agencies and Bigfoot hunters.
Bradshaw first encountered Bigfoot as a child camping with his family near the base of Mount St. Helens in the late 1950s. Throughout the rest of his life, Bradshaw told of having had five encounters with Bigfoot and also finding their traces infrequently. Bradshaw had a strong sense of what he believed. For example, he felt Bigfoot smelled "like that of rotten meat and eggs mixed together," Bradshaw once told a reporter. "They have been known to roll in the blood of the animals they kill and to spread their own feces on themselves to keep the unknown away.' Bradshaw proclaimed his stance as "no kill" in the Bigfoot field, and stayed true to that position until his death.
One of the more controversial items that Fred Bradshaw was linked to where the 1994 reports circulating of Bigfoot bodies having been flown from the Mt. St. Helens area by helicopters. Fred Bradshaw told of how his father was a security guard at Green Mountain, Washington (T2n R3E), and confirmed that military helicopters brought large numbers of animals in cargo nets under the choppers. These bodies were then doused with napalm, to totally destroy the bodies and bones of the carcasses. Bradshaw was open to wondering aloud if Bigfoot could have been killed in the eruption of Mt. St. Helens, and the recovery of their bodies covered up by the government.
Loren Coleman © 2004
* Fred's sister Carol has asked that I get the correct information out to the Bigfooters.
Fred and Carol were up around Republic, Washington near the Canadian border. On Thursday, Fred stepped out of the truck to go after a deer and shortly afterward suffered a massive heart attack. He fell down an embankment into a ravine. Carol was able to flag down a couple of young hunters and one that went down to check on Fred, said he was already gone. This happened on Thursday, October 21,2004. Fred was born the same year and month as I was...April 1947, which makes us 57.
Fred has been a very good friend since the mid 90's when we met up at the Sasquatch Daze Symposium's in Harrison Hot Springs, B.C. We differed often on our Bigfoot views, but never had a cross word between us. Fred was always smiling and in an elevated mood. We use to camp up around Mt. St. Helens and the Ape Caves area and I can tell you, there was never a dull moment around our camp fires. All five of my kids and my wife Doris, found Fred's laughter contagious and we always looked forward to our next trip into the bush with he and Carol.
It has been a sad Autumn this year. First we lost a great friend in Theata Crowe. Then on the day of her service, my Mother passed away. Now we have lost the ever smiling Fred. Let's hope they are all together somewhere around the campfire having a

good laugh and sharing stories of Bigfoot.
Smiling Through The Tears...
Larry Lund
* From Nature: Published online: 27 October 2004; |
doi: 10.1038/news041025-2 muse@nature.com: Flores, God and Cryptozoology, Henry Gee; The discovery of Homo floresiensis raises hopes for yeti hunters and, says Henry Gee, poses thorny questions about the uniqueness of Homo sapiens.
If another species of humans existed so recently, perhaps stories of other human-like creatures might be founded on grains of truth? Alamy.com When the first human colonists arrived on the island of Flores in eastern Indonesia a few thousand years ago, they had no idea that they were treading on the remains of a lost world. Until around 12,000 years ago, when a volcanic eruption seems to have ended the party, Flores was a looking-glass garden of Komodo dragons and even larger lizards, giant tortoises and enormous rats. Alongside them were tiny, primitive elephants and, as we now know, tiny, primitive people1,2. Probably descended from full-sized Homo erectus that made landfall on Flores as much as 900,000 years ago3, the islanders dodged the dragons and hunted the elephants. Killers and quarry became smaller with each generation, instances of the well-known phenomenon of endemic dwarfing in small, inbred island populations, until they were transformed into new species. Homo erectus became Homo floresiensis. These people, each a metre tall as an adult, lived on Flores from at least 38,000 years ago to 18,000 years ago2. But fossilization is a chancy business, so it is likely that they were there long before that interval... and long after it. They may have been alive when modern Homo sapiens arrived in the region. Yet as far as we know, Homo floresiensis survived for thousands of years, unnoticed and unmolested by humans, before becoming extinct.
Florid tales
The discovery that Homo floresiensis survived until so very recently, in geological terms, makes it more likely that stories of other mythical, human-like creatures such as yetis are founded on grains of truth. The discovery of Homo floresiensis makes it much more likely that stories of other mythical, human-like creatures are founded on grains of truth. In the light of the Flores skeleton, a recent initiative4 to scour central Sumatra for 'orang pendek' can be viewed in a more serious light. This small, hairy, manlike creature has hitherto been known only from Malay folklore, a debatable strand of hair and a footprint. Now, cryptozoology, the study of such fabulous creatures, can come in from the cold.
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Cryptic clues

The discoverers of Homo floresiensis suggest that their find could be the first of many, and that other species of recently extinct humans might be discovered on other isolated islands. But whether other recently extinct (or extant) hominid species are found or not, the fact that even one distinct species of human was found to have lived alongside modern man not only enriches our understanding of recent human diversity; it could change our view of ourselves in a fundamental way. The discoverers of many.

Homo floresiensis suggest that their find could be the first of

As far as we know, Homo sapiens is the only species of human that yet lives on the planet. It is very easy to take this solitary estate (and our consequent separateness from the rest of the animal world) for granted, so much has it become ingrained in our philosophy, ethics and religion, even our science.

Until very recently, evolutionary thought was couched in terms of a linear, progressive trajectory rising from lower life forms and culminating in man. I have argued elsewhere that this view is not, regrettably, as extinct as it should be. In palaeoanthropology, this idea is seen in the view that only one species of hominid has existed at any one time, each one succeeding the next in a scheme of orderly replacement. This idea began to crumble in the 1970s, since when discoveries of ancient relatives of humans have revealed a marked diversity of form. Human evolution is like a bush, not a ladder8. But these discoveries concerned the more remote reaches of human ancestry. Despite the fact that some of our relatives, such as Neanderthal man and Homo erectus, are thought to have become extinct in relatively recent times9, our complacency that this view holds for recent history has not been shaken. Until now. If it turns out that the diversity of human beings was always high, remained high until very recently and might not be entirely extinguished, we are entitled to question the security of some of our deepest beliefs. Will the real image of God please stand up?

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*Mark Blysma 28 Oct 04

Dutch sailors hear of little hairy people

A FORTNIGHT ago University of Wollongong scientist Bert Roberts was on the Indonesian island of Flores with stegodon expert Gert van den Bergh. It was in this home of the new-found human species, Homo floresiensis, that they heard a strange tale

of little hairy people called Ebu Gogo.
In Indonesian, van den Bergh says, Ebu translates as "grandmother" and Gogo as "he who eats anything". And apparently they were a problem on Flores until the Dutch settled on the island in the 19th century, Roberts says.
"A village elder told us that the Ebu Gogo ate everything raw, including vegetables, fruits, meat and, if they got the chance, even human meat," Roberts reports.
"When food was served to them they also ate the plates, made of pumpkin. [They're] the original guests from hell."
According to Roberts, the villagers claimed their ancestors endured the Ebu Gogo's habits until the short, long-haired, long-armed, pot-bellied creatures snatched a baby, taking it back to their cave. The villagers retrieved the baby by offering the Ebu Gogo bales of dry grass.
"A few days later, the villagers said they went back with a burning bale of grass, which they tossed into the cave. Out ran the Ebu Gogo, singed but not fried, and were last seen heading due west, in the direction of Liang Bua cave [where Homo floresiensis was first discovered]," according to Roberts.
Could the Ebu Gogo be a relic of Homo floresiensis? Possibly, argues a sceptical Roberts. He says local legend has it that the Ebu Gogo were capable of limited language and able to mimic Indonesian phrases verbatim.
They are supposed to have been seen climbing trees, but never carrying tools. "That's the inconsistency with the Liang Bua evidence," Roberts notes.
"Interestingly, we did find lumps of dirt with black hair in the cave this year," he says. "We're getting some DNA testing done which we hope will be instructive."
MarkABylsma@aol.com (visit his chats)
Track down Vancouver exhibition on Bigfoot
By Bram Eisenthal/ Special To The Herald
Sunday, October 31, 2004
VANCOUVER, British Columbia - Whether you are a veteran Sasquatch seeker or novice, there is something for everyone here at the Vancouver Museum's temporary exhibit "Sasquatch!"
The exhibit isn't spread over a large space but you easily can spend an hour or two looking at paraphernalia such as late explorer Rene Dahinden's gear, including his trademark jacket and pipe.
Read numerous eyewitness accounts and watch the legendary Patterson-Gimlin footage of a Bigfoot striding through a deserted logging camp - the creature looks back when it notices the men filming.
This footage is the most widely examined Sasquatch evidence available and the jury is out on whether it is real. The exhibit also features a scale model of the "event," depicted in the film as well as an enlarged frame-by-frame display.
On display as well are a limited edition Yeti (or Abominable Snowman) print done by wildlife artist Robert Bateman, based on eyewitness accounts; sculptures; native artwork depicting the

"naxnox"; and statements from tribal elders.
Even if you aren't a believer, you can't avoid being creeped out by the guttural Sasquatch cries, screams and moans incessantly played over the exhibit's speaker system.
"Sasquatch!" is here until February.
(The Vancouver Museum is located at 1100 Crescent St. For [AD] more information, call 604-736-4431 or go to www.vanmuseum.bc.ca.)
* MarkABylsma@aol.com
Tall tales: Search for giant Sasquatch draws the curious to Canada lake
By Bram Eisenthal/ Special To The Herald
Sunday, October 31, 2004
SHAWNIGAN LAKE, Vancouver Island, British Columbia-
They're as old as time, perhaps inhabitants of this planet longer than us. Some native North American tribes refer to them as naxnox" (or supernatural being) and report having encountered them for hundreds of years.
Fishermen, loggers, hikers and simple travelers, like you and me, see them from time to time, at night, on lonely country roads, illuminated by our headlights. Or crouching by a river bed, digging for the clams believed to be a big part of their diet.
We're talking Sasquatch here; Bigfoot, Wildman - it doesn't matter what you call them, because it appears they're here, living among us. Unless, that is, you think every one of the thousands who claim to have seen them are charlatans.
I dare you to call John Bindernagel a charlatan, in fact, I double dare you. He has more than 30 years of research and a career as a wildlife biologist to draw upon, and Sasquatch is his passion. Just try referring to the creature as Bigfoot in his presence and see what happens.
"I use (the term) Sasquatch instead of Bigfoot, because the latter has such a jestful connotation. Bigfooters see the creature
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behind every tree," Bindernagel told me late one night. We were at the Shawnigan Shores Bed & Breakfast (877-YES-SSBB; www.lakebb.com) owned by Michael and Elly Ruge in Cowichan Valley, on the shores of Shawnigan Lake, about a half-hour drive from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. The Ruges have [AD] set up the ideal little business, Bigfoot Safari (866-553-3668, www.bigfootsafari.com), thanks to Bindernagel's influence.
For five years now, Sasquatch enthusiasts, or simply those looking for an unusual adventure, can head into the deep woods and isolated mountain country here driving 4x4s into territory where there have been claims of Sasquatch sightings.
"The odds of finding something are slight, especially on the shorter trips, but you never know," Michael Ruge said.

I took a Land Cruiser out for an afternoon (day rates are $160) with Ruge as my guide, Bindernagel as our passenger and me at the wheel, struggling with the vehicle as I learned how to maneuver it over fallen tree trunks and up and down clogged old logging roads. We didn't happen across anything unusual but the off-road driving was exhilarating and the scenery magnificent. Ruge also takes participants on weeklong excursions, living and sleeping in the wild, real Sasquatch territory.

For Bindernagel, the author of untold numbers of papers on the subject and the recent book, "North America's Great Ape: The Sasquatch," there is no doubt Sasquatch exist. Ontario-raised and educated at the University of Guelph, where he graduated as a wildlife ecologist, he came to British Columbia primarily to search for Sasquatch.

"When I was in my third year at University of Guelph, I found an old copy of Argosy magazine in a barbershop, with a story about an apeman. When I brought it to my wildlife management class, to discuss it with my professor, he simply refused to get into it. It really got my back up.'

Until the winter snows here preclude exploration, Bindernagel is out on field trips for days on end, looking for signs like Sasquatch nests, hair, spoor or footprints. He made castings of some prints in October 1988, discovering them during a hike on the shore of Lake Helen Mackenzie, in Strathcona Provincial Park.

Bindernagel showed me a box with an assortment of castings. They're very humanlike in appearance, but huge - 15-16 inches long and 5-6 inches wide (and these are small ones, compared to others that have been discovered). Measure your own foot and do the comparisons. The implications are rather unsettling, as is an image of encountering a creature reputed to be anywhere from 7 to 10 feet tall.

Bindernagel also showed me pictures of tracks made on farmland, in nearby Duncan. "They had been plowed, so they (the tracks) were dusty, but the path was clear and you can see many of them here," he explained. "You'll notice a very linear gait to the animal's walk, as if it were walking on a tightrope. I believe that Sasquatch was an arboreal ape once, so it was used to walking on narrow branches."

The biologist's biggest challenge, next to finding an actual specimen or some other form of irrefutable proof, is to garner respect from his peers.

"John Green (a renowned researcher who virtually pioneered the study of the creature, starting in the early 1960s) made a good point once, 'It's not about belief, it's about evidence,'" Bindernagel said.

"Even with the casts as proof, most biologists won't take this very seriously. It blows my mind, actually. There are closet believers, but they are waiting (for an actual body to turn up, dead or alive)."

Ruge pointed out Bindernagel isn't the kind of man to toot his own horn and that his low-key approach to his decades of research isn't necessarily positive. "But the fact is, when

definitive proof is found, we'll be well-positioned to take action," Ruge added. "Until then, the purpose of Bigfoot Safaris is to support John and his research whenever possible. We also help expose people to the research that has been done, through the excursions we take into the wilderness of Vancouver Island."

That night, I slept in fits and starts. Though very comfortable a modern suite at the B&B (rates are $122 to $241 per night for two, depending on season), I pictured an 8-foot-tall Sasquatch coming out of the forest behind me and peering into the window over my head as I slept.

That night around 3 a.m., I was awakened by what sounded like a rock striking the log wall of the building, making a hollow, ringing sound. I'll never know who or what flung that projectile, but it certainly fired up my already swollen imagination and had my heart break dancing.

In Victoria the next morning, I had an encounter along the waterfront that really had me thinking about the wonders of our tiny planet. Vendors, comprised mostly of Canadian natives, were selling various goods. I jokingly asked one artist if he had any Sasquatch sketches. He looked at me, momentarily pausing for a breath.

"I had two here last summer, but I sold them," said 67-year old Thunderbird T-Thedu. "We saw one, my wife and I, just outside McKenzie Creek."

T-Thedu then related a most chilling tale of how he and wife Margaret Summers stumbled upon a large, hairy, humanlike creature foraging for food at the base of a hill some two hours from Victoria.

When they called out to the creature, it "jumped up the hill very fast, or so it appeared," he said.

Minutes later, Summers came by. "Tell him about the Sasquatch we saw," her husband prodded. She relayed the same story he did.

(For information on Sasquatch, go to John Bindernagel's Web site at www.bigfootbiologist.org, or the Bigfoot Field Researcher's Organization (BFRO) at www.legendmeetsscience.com.)

* Thanks for this Bear

The Giant Monster by Kyle Thompson

All of the evil spirits of the Choctaws have followed them on their long journey from the western part of North America. The witches, demons, and the monsters came with the Choctaw people. But the most horrible frightening of all these beasts is the hideous monster the Choctaws call the Shampe.

A Shampe is a giant in the form ugliest Choctaw beast. He lives in the deepest part of the woods. So far in the forest that no Choctaw has even been able to find the location of his huge, dark cave. The Shampe cannot stand the brightness of the sun or the open air. The smell of blood will attract him and he will follow the person who has been hunting and carrying a wounded game. Shampes do not have very good vision but have a keen sense of smell. They can track any person or animal.

The Shampes make a whistling noise as he stalks through the

forest. His scent is so terrible, that many people have died from his odour. While he looks like a gigantic form of Choctaw, she smells like a skunk. Some of them are really hairy like an ape while others are hairless. The Choctaws won't live in an area where a Shampe will live or has been spotted. The Choctaws will often be caught or chased by a Shampe. If someone were to drop a small game such as a rabbit or a squirrel, the Shampe stops to eat it and may be drawn off your trail by the blood of the small animal.
Shampes have followed the Choctaw people along their journey from the western United States. They say that all Shampe have returned to the west now. But today, some Choctaws still hear whistling sounds in the woods and catch a strong odour. The Choctaws still drop small animals when they think a Shampe is near. You may never know that all Shampes have returned to the west.
*Bear; I've mentioned several times that I have considered the knowledge of knowing of the very true existence of this creature as either a curse or a blessing, with more emphasis on the former then the later.
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I nor my brother never wanted that "monkey/ape" to stand outside our bedroom window as a child of 6 and 4 respectively, causing thereafter many sleepless nights until our Mother allowed us to crawl into the bed with her. We never actually knew, at the time, that what we saw that night was anything other then a big monkey. Later on in life, our annual trip to the Saturday something else.
afternoon matinee at the local movie theater introduced us to
It was either the month of August or September in 1966. I'm basing the seasonal time of the year upon memories of the given circumstances that live vividly in my mind to this very day. A 6 year old child does not keep up with the exact date of anything other then their birthday and Christmas. We did not know that what we saw was something that we was not supposed to see. We both knew that your average "monkey" did not run around loose in the state of Mississippi, especially at night, looking in the windows of small children. Taking the graphic evidence into account provides me with a timeframe of two months. My baby sister was born the first week of July in '66 and my Father had separated from my Mother when she was 6 weeks old. He had been gone from the house about two weeks when my brother and I had the pleasure of the unwelcome visitor. It was hot outside and our Mother, not having an air-conditioner, would always draw the curtains back and open the windows using a box fan in another room to circulate the humid air into the house. This particular night was either in, or close to, the full moon stage, as I

can remember being able to clearly see the uphill slope from our bedroom window, after our eyes had adjusted to the darkness of the room. I remember the fireflies gliding erratically between our window and the tree-line along the ridge of the slope, the distance being about 20 yards to where we had a barbed wire fence crossing in front of the tree-line. It seemed exceptionally bright this night causing even the shadows produced underneath the pines to be view with distinction. Seeing shadows from the branches of a tree at night leads to the deduction of the near full moon stage. Fireflies, open windows to circulate air, knowing when my sister was born, along with knowing how long our Father had been gone, gives me enough evidence in determining either August or September.

The front of our house faced toward the West and our bedroom was on the Southeast corner of the house. The reason for the slope up the small rise in our backyard was from when the building of the level house foundation the bulldozer, leveling the ground, had to cut into the rise causing an uplift effect when viewed from our bedroom window. Our bed was positioned along the western wall with the foot facing the window looking toward the fence line. When lying in bed we was able to view, on an eye level the panoramic sight of the fence line along with the pine trees behind it.

I'm not sure of the time of night. I do know that we both had been asleep and it was late enough that our Mother was sleeping in her room positioned on the Southwest side of the house facing the main country road. My 2 month old sister was in my Mother's room asleep in her bassinet.

I was the one that woke up first. Something had awaken me from sleep and not realizing what it was, I just lay there looking toward the ceiling. The noise that woke me started up again and it was coming from outside our window, loud enough to be heard over the drone of the box fan in the kitchen at the North end of the house. It was a low cooing type sound like one that a monkey makes going something like, "Wooooah woo woo Wooooooah" then started making a clicking type noise, eventually alternating back to the cooing. The clicking was the loudest noise whereas the cooing was of a softer nature. I raised up from my pillow and noticed how bright it seemed outside. It was darker in the bedroom then it was outside. I saw a monkey in a crouched down position almost like a baseball catcher, with both of its arms draped over the top strand of a 6 strand barbed wire fence, slowly swaying back and forth sidewise, softly cooing with its lips protruding outwards, looking directly into our bedroom window. Notice what I said. It was crouching in a stooped position with its arms draped OVER the 6 strand wire fence! That is one big monkey! The vision was so clear I was able to see its shadows in relation to the darker background provided by the tree line behind it. If I had to describe what type monkey I was seeing the closest species I can come to is that of a large chimpanzee.

I immediately woke my brother up showing him what I was seeing. The monkey then realized that we was awake and

watching him. If we could plainly see it, then it could plainly see us as our eyes were adapted to the dark as was its. We both hauled butt as fast we could to our Mother's room screaming, "Mama, Mama, there's a monkey outside our window!" Of course she didn't believe us and we both made enough racket that we woke up our baby sister who started crying. Mom turned on her bedside light and told both of us that we were either imaging something or dreaming (never figured out how we was both dreaming the same dream). I also noticed that she never once went to our rooms to see this "monkey" either, telling us to both get in the bed with her. We both ending up sleeping with her the rest of the time we lived in that house, which wasn't very long as my Mother could not afford the house payments being a single woman, when the whole family moved into my Grandparents house about 3/4 of a mile farther along the road.

That night still plays over in my mind to this very day. The details are still so vivid. Over the years, using the evidence provided from my research into this creature I can compare other circumstances in coming close to why this solitary creature was acting the way that it was that night long ago.

I have noticed that when living in a proximity with these type creatures that they can sense when something traumatic has occurred. I have studied numerous sighting reports that state where either a death has happened within a family, accidental physical harm occurring producing an injured effect along with expressions of pain or hurt (in our case sorrow for a Father suddenly leaving), where expressions shown are one of infancy (this also occurs with the arrival of newborn puppies or a litter of kittens), and a single parent environment with no alpha type male around. I've researched reports where Dow syndrome type adults are sensed as non-harmful and these creatures have a tendency to understand that these type people will mean no harm. Children playing tend to squeal in a higher pitch voice seems to draw certain younger type creatures into a sense of false security and they will inadvertently approach this almost trancelike until they realize that they have encroached too far.

Factors in my case that could have caused this type behavior.

#1 No alpha male type present over a length of time.

#2 The stress factor from my Mother worrying and the sorrow from being deserted by her mate along with the questioning type misunderstanding of two small children not understanding why their Father is not home or if he will ever come back.

3 A new born baby present coming with all the emotions; crying, baby type vocal activity.

I have had many other encounters over the years with this creature on the same property as we only moved just down the road from where this first occurred.

My brother and I thought until the time we were introduced at the movie theater to something called a Sasquatch/Bigfoot, that we just saw a large monkey. After seeing the short film of the picture shot in the Pacific northwest by Roger Patterson and Bob Gimlet we still did not put the two together as we just assumed

that Sasquatch was in some foreign country called California and not in Mississippi. We suddenly put it together when just across the Mississippi River to our west, in a place called Fouke, Arkansas, another movie came out called, "The Legend of Boggy Creek."

* Heironimus's Attorney Ducks Requests for Lie Detector Results, Roger Knights

On pages 210 & 356 of A Tale of Two Suits, BH stated that he'd passed a lie detector test. The name of the examiner, Jim

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McCormick, was given, so I called him (in early August) and asked if I could see the test results. He said that his client had taken away the results, and anyway that I wouldn't be able to understand them, being a layman. He suggested I hire another examiner to interpret them and write a report. I agreed, so he gave me the name of a local-area examiner whom he knew, Randy Ruegsegger.

I contacted RR and, on my behalf, he has subsequently left three messages on the answering machine of Barry Woodard, BH's attorney, explaining in detail what he wanted, and why. None of those calls have been returned, so RR says he guesses they're ducking my request. It can't be because Woodard has never heard of RR and suspects he's in my pocket, since RR is a local expert, and even has a nodding acquaintance with Woodard (I gather).

I don't think it's likely that RR would find any technical problems with the test, or that BH didn't in fact pass it. I.e., I figure there is only a 5% chance of such possibilities. But I'm willing to spend $100 on that long shot. So why aren't BH and BW eager to let me waste my money, embarrass myself, and show the world that BH "passed with flying colors"? (According to a statement by Long or Korff in an interview.)

If Heironimus is unwilling to make his test results available for inspection, he and Long should stop claiming that he passed such a test. And reporters should demand to see those results, if such a claim is made nevertheless.

No Response to My Suggestion that Heironimus Try to Document His Work-Absences

Roger Knights

I posted a longer and less polished version of the following on Bigfootforums.com (in the thread "Book Review: The Making of Bigfoot" in the Media Forum) on Aug. 25. So far (Nov. 16, eleven weeks later) there's been no response from Long et al.

"A Tale of Two Suits," p. 369: "Then he [Heironimus] joined Boise Cascade, where he was working when he became involved with Patterson."

"A Tale of Two Suits," p. 347: Heironimus: "I was to follow

down later, maybe a Monday or Wednesday or whenever it was." So it was during weekdays, most likely because that's when BH's mom wasn't using her car. (I presume she was mostly a weekend driver, going shopping Saturdays and to church on Sundays.)

It would support BH's version of events if work-attendance records at his employer could be consulted and three consecutive days of absence were found in September, which is when he claims the filming occurred (p. 421), or even in October. The chance of such a gap occurring due to illness in any month is only 8%. (According to my Scientific Wild-Ass Guess. Probably some authority somewhere could supply the true %age.)

OTOH, if the records showed no such absence existed, BH couldn't have been in the suit.

Thus there's probably only a 15% (?) chance that an inquiry would yield a definitive result. Still, those are good enough odds to justify making an inquiry. So I called Boise Cascade's [AD] Employee Records Dept. at 800-237-3459. I spoke to Tabitha. She said that company policy prevented her from telling me anything, even whether they have records from that period, and whether the records they do keep supply a useful level of detail. She said the company responds only to inquiries from former employees, and from prospective employers or employment agencies. She said former employees must supply their Social Security #s.

So I've drafted below a letter BH could send; he need only fill in the blanks. BH should, if truthful, be eager to do so.

Human Resource Services
Boise Cascade Corp.
[AD] P.O. Box 50
Boise, ID 83728

Dear HR Services:

My supervisor was
My position was
My address, day and evening phone #s, and SS# are:
My full name, date and place of birth, and address when I worked for you are:

A very public dispute has arisen as to my claim to have been in California for three consecutive weekdays during September (or possibly October) of that year. It is of vital importance to my reputation, and possibly to a legal defense I may have to make, to be able to document that I was away from my job for a corresponding period. (I realize that you may not have kept records of daily attendance, and hence cannot document that my absence was for three consecutive days. But since I was paid by the hour [drop this if my assumption is incorrect-RK], each of my weekly payroll records should indicate how many days I had been out that week. Even though payroll records may not explicitly provide data on absences, any week's paycheck that is about 40% of the normal weekly paycheck would implicitly indicate an absence of three days. If you don't have such records, it would still be helpful if you have monthly or quarterly records.)

Even if you have to do some digging through a warehouse, or consult off-line computer tapes, I appeal to you to do so.
On the other hand, if your records show I was not absent from work when I think I was, I want to be informed of that too, so I can revise my claim to have been in California then.
If you have questions, please contact me by mail. Please put your response to my request in writing, on your letterhead, and please send a copy to Greg Long at.
[Signature]
* I saw well known photo by Shipton - http://alamas.ru/rus/publicat/Shipton.htm. I was surprised by Trakhtengerst publications, considering it as print of 4-fingers foot. It is typical 5-fingers foot with syndaclily - that is fusion of 2nd and 3rd fingers. This is a genitical abnormality rare in human population but more wide spread in little inbreeding populations, like populations of Bigfoot. That means, that Bigfoot lives in accordance to general biological principles. But it is not only rare species - it is alternative variants of development of civilization - not social, but biological.
Best regards - Valentin Sapunov, St Petersburg, Russia
* From "Doug Stych" <unitedcats@engineer.net
Personal Account, 19 Nov 2004 Just for fun, one of the strangest and most perplexing things I ever saw.
This occurred in central Washington state in 1990. Me and a friend were camping and had located an old campsite next to a beautiful pool in a stream. Someone had spent the summer there in the thirties (I could tell from the old bottles) but the place had been more or less deserted since then, it was kinda' tricky to get to and not on any marked trails or anything. There was however a good game trail alongside the river, which we used to carry our gear in. Anyhow, I'm going down this trail, I come around this corner, and there was this little white thing in the middle of the trail. It was white, and very small, maybe an inch or so tall. I didn't get much of a look at it because almost as soon as I saw it (and it presumably saw me) it popped down a little hole in the trail, and closed what for the life of me looked like a little trap door behind it. I'm like "what the heck was that?" I had seen exactly where it vanished, being only a few feet in front of me, so I went and poked and prodded around and I couldn't find any trap door or anything resembling a trapped door, just hard packed trail dirt. I would have written it off as some sort of big bug, except for the color. White, pure bright white. Maybe there's some kind of big white bug that lives in tunnels with trap doors, but I never heard of such. Miniature albino sasquatch? Just writing this still creeps me out. I dunno, if anyone has any ideas I would be curious to hear them. Regards, Doug
I worked for Boise Cascade in 1967 at your site in
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* cr M. Newton, From the Orlando (FL) Sentinel:
Woman says 'skunk ape' stood up beside highway; By Linda Florea | Sentinel Staff Writer Posted November 20, 2004
LAKELAND-- Urban legends are supposed to be legends and that's all. But if you ask Jennifer Ward about the Florida skunk ape, she will tell you it stepped out of the mists of myth and into reality. "I never thought anything like that was out there before," Ward, 30, said Friday. "But I know there is now."
Ward's encounter with the hairy creature came in August, about a week after Hurricane Charley, along a rural stretch of Moore Road as she was driving home from a friend's house. Her daughters were asleep in the back seat and it was approaching dusk. "I noticed something in the ditch. I looked over, and I guess it noticed me. It rose up," she said explaining that the animal had been crouching when she first saw it. "Its eyes went from serious, maybe it was getting frogs -- it was focused On something," she continued. "When he saw me, he was as surprised as I was. I slowed down to almost a stop; I didn't stop because I was scared. It was almost dark, but I could see it and get a good look." Ward said the creature was 6 to 8 feet tall and covered with hair about 2 inches long. There was white around the eyes, but she did not notice a nose or ears. She said the lips were full with the texture of a dog's paw pad. Its hands were drawn up next to its body. At first, Ward only told friends and family about what she saw. She acknowledged that it took considerable time for her to decide to go public. Florida skunk ape sightings have been reported for more than 200 years, according to Scott Marlowe, co-founder of Pangea Institute in Winter Haven and instructor of an upcoming college course on cryptozoology, the study of hidden animals and the possibility of their existence.
He said there have been about 75 reported sightings of the skunk ape in Florida in the past 20 years. This Southern relative of Bigfoot gets its name for the awful stench often associated with it. Ward said she could not remember an odor, but that may have been what first caught her attention. Joy Hill, a spokeswoman for the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission, would not comment about whether she thinks the sighting was genuine but said her agency has received no reports of such creatures.
Marlowe is searching the area of Ward's sighting outside Lakeland for footprints and hair that may have been snagged on a branch. He said the increasing development in Florida means man and beast will cross paths more often. "With so much encroachment, it's almost inevitable if the thing exists, we're going to find it," Marlowe said.
The skunk ape makes its winter home in the Everglades, Marlowe said, but may move about seasonally. "I: suspect they migrate," he added. Loren Coleman, author of the 2003 book, Bigfoot! The True Story of Apes in America, is considered the leading cryptozoologist in the world and has been tracking Bigfoot-type sightings for 45 years. He said weather

events, such as hurricanes, often result in sightings.
"Hurricanes and tornadoes stir up wildlife. They travel to get settled," Coleman said in a telephone interview Friday.
"Florida is the only subtropical state, and [there is] very great habitat for any kind of primate. It's comfortable and supportive," he said. "Even through there are population centers, people forget there's lots of wild land in-between." As far as Ward, she said she drives a little slower now so she can look around, and she keeps a camera in her vehicle. The Lakeland woman said she hopes her report does not stir up any craziness among people looking for the creature. "I have the feeling they do watch a lot," she said. "I wish I could see it again. I want people to see what I saw.'
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SEVILLE
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SOUTHERN
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SOCIETY
September 2004 Southern Oregon Bigfoot Society Official Report
The S.D.B.S. had our September outing in our research area, where we had a camera for over 3 weeks at a precise location where Bigfoot had been known to frequent near the water source.
September 17th The S.D.B.S. went out for our first expedition of

2004 where the weather was not the best favorable conditions. The trip up to the research site was very foggy and cold, wet and windy, but the S.D.B.S. members are use to that from last years winter expedition. Friday night we set up into two separate camps for the first time since our existence of 4 years. We are trying different things considering all our data compiled, so we decided that two separate camps would be the best. Friday night we heard the sounds of heavy foot steps and when the night fell, all was pretty uneventful, considering that it is not unusual to have Bigfoot rummaging around our camps as soon as we retire from fighting the urge to stay awake. Saturday morning our other camp heard grunts and screams in the woods between our two camps as well as having something large walking around their camp and running off before they could give chase at 4:30 in the morning. We had decided that we would aggressively bait two bait piles that night, one near each campsite and position bait pile cameras at each location. Saturday morning we checked our bait camera and found that the lids of our potted meat cans were all tom off and that the lids were arranged in a horseshoe shape right on top of the bait pile. We believe that this is a token gift from Sasquatch, maybe a thanks for the free food. There had been no signs of human presence in the area. Saturday evening came upon us and we were deciding how safe it would be to keep the camps apart approximately 1 mile, but within line of sight. The other camp had two members that were new on scene, one researcher's second time and a new guy that was excited about Bigfoot research. I had decided that since no harm was ever done to any members I felt that the other camp was relatively safe, given our past experiences, after all, we were keeping in contact via two way radio's and decided to only talk considering an encounter happening. As soon as we all went into our tents, and sleep was on it's way, we started hearing strange noises around our tent and we have had lots of "beeping" in the past, but all of a sudden there was a "beep-beep" sound resembling our canceling of our radio and we decided to lay low and see what happened. Just as I was feeling sleepy, the radio interrupted in a frenzy of activity. Camp two just had a large Sasquatch cross right next to their tent, engulfing the dome portion of the tent and grazing one of the member's heads. Immediately there were no less than 3 other large footed primates surrounding their campsite. Normally this wouldn't be a big deal, except for the fact that while the members were panicking at the running of heavy footsteps, their yelling did not deter the Bigfoots. At the same time that camp two was getting surrounded by Bigfoot, our camp too had Bigfoot's surrounding our camp and we were trying to make a rash decision to help camp 2 and at that time the radio blasted out" come and get us now were surrounded". Although we had to fight the fear of what was facing us when we opened the tent I reached for the panic button on our vehicle to purge the Bigfoot 16.
away and we zipped out of the tent, hearing creatures on tw hastily running away in several directions. In our state of af

in rescuing our other team, we totally forgot to even zip our te
but yet we were in the truck blasting down the road to get to
camp 2. When we reached camp 2 we saw that there was a frenz
of activity with the three
members and we decided that we would all return to our camp so
that we were all in one group and that way we would be safer
given all the activity. We loaded up my truck and their vehicle
with sleeping gear and left their campsite to fend for itself with
the Bigfoot lurking in the woods. Back at our camp we realized
that we left the tent open and we were looking around to orient
everything as we packed everyone in the tent for the night. The
weather was raining off and on and really cold, and one thing we
noticed was that the Bigfoot were using the sound of the rain to
cover the sounds of their footsteps, and that when it rained harder
that the Bigfoot were making their moves. We heard them
messing with my truck, the mirror was pushed down and our
kitchen area was messed with. This time was really hairy that the
Bigfoot were no longer afraid of our voices and that they did not
want the food left at the bait piles. As we all were crammed in the
tent and everyone was trying to get to sleep. I drifted off and
started snoring and my snoring alerted the Bigfoot and they were
grunting back to us in the tent and that went on all night long
during the rain storms. Sunday morning we all arose to the sound
of my cell phone message "beeping" it was 11:30 a.m. and all
were asleep, that will give you an idea how our night went, all
were passed out like logs. Upon taking down the bait pile camera
I noticed on the ground nearby there was a set of vice grips
clamped to a tent stake. This tool was not here the night before
and no one was near that camp (human anyway). It is fairly
obvious that this was one of our members vice grips used to pull a
tent stake out of the ground, that was left by us and taken by an
intelligent animal, only to be given back (who knows how long
later). We went to the campsite and saw track evidence of the
Bigfoot having been at the site from that night. We decided to
pack up and head out as we were all tired from the two nights
previous. We all had breakfast at one of our researchers home
and talked about what had happened. It was decided it might be
good to stay the night once again so we went home and re-
grouped for another night of research. This was a first for us, as
we have never done this before. It was late and we stopped and
got some food for the night and we found a box of bananas for
[AD] $6.00, a bonus, since we were headed up for another night. We
made it to the site and packed really light so we could make a
quick get away if there was any danger to us. We spread out the
whole box of bananas and laid in the tent waiting to see what
would happened. This night was different, there was no rain or
wind. You could hear a pin drop. We waited with video camera in
hand hearing strange "tinging" noises, and animals walking
around. The night came and went and we awoke to
see that there didn't seem to be much happening probably due to
the quietness or/and the fact that we surrounded our camp with
cameras facing outward. We will be returning this week to see if

the activity will continue and we left a camera up there as well. The strange thing is that although we commonly have Bigfoot activity, we have never before had so much happen at once and to not have them afraid of the light of the lantern, or human voices is overwhelming and we were not willing to compromise the safety of our researchers for the crusade of Bigfoot. We will be changing our strategy to see what happens this next time by faking "camp 2" and concealing cameras in everyday items left at a campsite. It is my belief that when there are Bigfoot present they watch intently and will shy away from the area where a human is putting up a camera for fear of the unknown, and
curiosity
yet their
leads them to a close brush with humans at the same time. In our research we know of a family of Sasquatch in the region, and "Limpy" which several tracks resembled the "Limpy" tracks found in past research expeditions which show damage to the foot and a deformity. It is our belief that this may have been a pack of Rogue males reeking havoc on us while traveling through our area?

[PAGE BREAK]

Update 9/21/2004
Three of our researchers went to our research site and when we pulled up to where we had our bait pile Ray Rosa and Patrick Coughlin noticed that there was a plastic jar right where the vice grips were. Another token gift just like the vice grips. All the potted meat cans were cleaned up and they were picked clean, as were all 20 P. B. & J sandwiches left in the area.. There were a box and Y2of bananas left at the bait pile and they were not touched, and black bears love bananas! What ate here was intelligent enough to be selective. Ray Rosa had put a huge jar of jelly on a stump with rotted bark, when we returned the jar was gone and the area was searched well to find it. No bark was pulled off by a four legged animal on the stump, so it had to be something tall enough to grab it and walk off with it to a safe place to eat it. Well as always, we could not stay all night since we had prior obligations considered important to mankind, so we left at 1 a.m. and headed home (for now!).
We shall persevere!
Raymond Rosa President S.O.B.S.
Southern Oregon Bigfoot Society
Sunday October 3rd2004 Official Report
Ray R. and Shelly B. arrived at our research area at approx. 7:30p.m. and parked at the dead end road, which is now the current base camp were using. After we arrived we set up inside the Jeep Wrangler with our cameras and other research equipment. Immediately we could hear what we feel were Bigfoot stirring in the trees from all sides. Note: We had an actual sighting at 9 pm the night before (Saturday) crossing behind our tent while looking out from the truck.. (See October 2nd2004

Report) We were feeling uncomfortable with the Bigfoot moving in so quickly, so we decided to head over to the second base camp (that use to be our baiting area). We stopped the vehicle and turned off the engine, but left the parking lights on, at this point we remained in the vehicle. Then I heard on my left side of the vehicle steps on the hill, where we use to place the cameras and bait. Then Ray and I both heard a young man's voice say AShelly,(pause) Shelly@and then I continued to hear AShelly are you there? Shelly can you hear me?@ At that point, I told Ray it must be his cell phone and it must of accidentally dialed a phone number. Ray pulled out his cell phone to find that the number lock on the phone was still in the locked position. Then Ray thought, maybe someone called without the phone ringing. Upon checking the phone and calling all individuals that might have called, we ruled out the phone as a factor in the incident. We decided to move to our bigger base camp that we used in the beginning of the year, because what just transpired really was uncomfortable to us, not finding a reasonable explanation to what just happened. As we arrived at the circular base camp, we once again turned off the vehicle engine and remained in the vehicle. Right away we both heard noises coming from the woods on each side of the vehicle. Then we heard one single beep sound, similar to the beeping sounds we have been hearing in the past in our research area. This beep sound only sounded once every minute or more. Then the whistling started, and it was off and on every few minutes or more. There was a bunch of movement around in the woods as it was approaching us for a closer look? We made sounds back and got some responses while playing some Sierra Sounds. As I had the tape recorder in my hands and played it out my drivers window the recorder worked and the sound was good, but as I handed over to Ray sitting on the passenger side of the vehicle the tape recorder would be playing, but without sound then Ray would pass it back tome and once again it would have sound again. At first I thought Ray had accidently turned the sound volume down, but then we realized that it only happened when it was in his hands and towards the window. This is when we realized we needed to LEAVE NOW! When we got at the end of the road at the intersection of the main road, Ray said lets try the tape recorder and see if that happens again. All was fine, and we left talking over our experiences up there at the research area. This incident has sparked a lot of thought, as to what could make such things like that happen up in our research area. We do know that the Bigfoot are no longer interested in our bait, or are worried about the cameras, but they have no problem walking in on our camp. This incident will lead us to develop safer ways of conducting research from now on in our area without compromising the safety of our researchers. No element of human life is worth the quest to unravel the Bigfoot mystery.
Raymond Rosa & Shelly Binkley
S.O.8.S. Officers
17.
STONES ARRANGED IN HALF MOON,

POSSIBLY BY BIGFOOT, S.O.B.S.
Book Review by Daniel Perez, 10926 Milano Avenue, Norwalk,
[AD] California 90650-1638. Telephone: (951) 509-2951. E-mail:
Perez(Q),worldnet.att.net October 2004.
Green, John Willison. The Best Of Sasqautch Bigfoot. Hancock
House Publisher, 1431 Harrison Avenue, Blaine, Washington
[AD] 98230-50005. 143 pages, October 2004 publication. $16.95 U.S.;
[AD] $19.95 Canadian; paperback. ISBN: 0-88839-546-9. Black and
white pictures, maps, illustrations, index. Telephone: (800) 938-
1114. Website:www.hancockhouse.com. E-mail:
sales@hancockhouse.com.
Veteran Bigfoot author and researcher, John Green, from
Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia is out with his latest
offering, The Best Of Sasquatch Bigfoot, which is essentially a
compilation of two of his earlier works, On The Track Of The
Sasquatch and Encounters With Bigfoot. The format of the book is
8.5 inches by 11 inches. Mr. Green's keen ability to write clearly
and the illustrations and pictures make this book easy to pick up
and digest.
The handsome cover of this tome proclaims, "The latest
scientific developments," and what is new this time around is four
chapters: I. The Ape And the IM [Intermembral
Index] Index, 2.Recent Developments, 3.Big Foot Did Not Die, and
4.$100,000 Reward. In his opening chapter Mr. Green states,
"Proof that a bipedal ape shares this continent with humanity is
apparently considered so a big a story that it can't possibly be
true. The headlines now are reserved for stories of the opposite
kind, claims of proof that the Bigfoot tracks and the [1967] movie
were just fakes after all." For those who have casually followed
the Sasquatch story throughout the years without a body every
being collected, news of fake tracks or whatever the case may be
is usually reinforcement the whole Sasquatch story is bogus. For
those who have intently watched the Sasquatch saga unfold over
the years, it is clear there is a genuine mystery afoot.
In chapter 1, The Ape And The 1MIndex, John Green addresses
a recent claim that the famous subject, "Patty," in the famous
Patterson-Gimlin 16-millimeter film, was just a masquerade,
nothing more than a man in a gorilla costume. He does well in
clearing up all the recent nonsense about the issue but
deliberately avoids (so as not to give them further publicity)
specifics about the book in question and the man in the gorilla
costume. Green's vagueness is very specific: "... a book was
published in which the author claimed to have found the man who
wore the ape suit..." when I think he would have been better
off with completeness: Greg Long penned the dross, The Making

[PAGE BREAK]

Of Bigfoot,- in which he contends a one Bob Heironimus was the
man in the suit in the P-G film.
The 1MIndex, in its most generalized terms is the ratio or
relationship between the length of the legs and arms and is used in

discussion about primates. For instance, gorillas have an index in the order of 117; the average Joe, like you and me, that number is roughly 70. The IM Index for the subject in the P-G film, using sophisticated forensic animation software to measure the arms and legs, is between 85 and 90, clearly unlike the gorillas and by the same token unlike man as well. It is this powerful argument, using a scientific tool, the IMIndex, that Mr. Green uses, and very effectively I might add, to absolutely demolish the notion the P-G film just portrays a costumed man. It is true that many who have dabbled in the Sasquatch studies have toyed with the numbers.. .length of leg, arm, etc., but Green alone takes credit for making the case for the Sasquatch with the 1M
Index.

The Bigfoot body casting, collected in the Summer of 2000 in Washington state is discussed in a very positive manner. Dr. Daris Swindler, a retired anthropologist, stated without reservation, "in my opinion the impression is not made by a deer, a bear or an elk nor was it made artificially. The Skookum body cast is that of an unknown hominoid primate."

At the end of 2002 Ray Wallace from Toledo, Washington died and the mainstream media put out a story essentially saying that Ray Wallace was the creator of Bigfoot, having laid many fake Bigfoot tracks in northern California with his strap-on wooden feet. Here, what you have to understand is the mainstream media of today is not like the media from a long time ago. Today, media is concerned with sensational stories that bring viewers and ratings. Ratings, in turn, is the engine which drives paying advertisers and it would seem that is their number one concern. Author Green absolutely dismantles Ray Wallace and his foolish claims and Mr. Wallace, in his own words: "I have talked to the Big Foots many times they didn't understand me and I didn't understand them," further diminishes his own credibility.

Further to the Ray Wallace fiasco, Green would write, "demonstrations were put on for both CNN and FOX News in which their own people, walking on fiberglass copies of genuine IS" tracks, learned that deep tracks can't be made in firm sand that way, even, in the case of CNN, by two men weighing a combined 440 pounds." Of course, CNN didn't carry that non-story, instead the story was Sasquatch researchers refused to recognize the reality of the Wallace claims. So much for an unbiased press.

We are indebted to have someone like John Green to be writing on the Bigfoot topic with clarity, depth, not to mention longevity. In 1961,forty-three years ago (!) the late Ivan Sanderson wrote about a much younger Green with, "this priceless document was unearthed by the indefatigable John Green of the Agassiz-Harrison Advance..."

Also new to this book is the $100,000 dollar reward "for anyone who can demonstrate how the 'Bigfoot' tracks that were observed in the Bluff Creek valley in northern California in 1958 and later could have been made by a human or humans." To date no one has managed to collect the reward.

In closing, this work by John Green is a nice stroll down memory lane, with the classics revisited, like Albert Ostman's alleged abduction and Fred Beck's attack by Sasquatches in Ape Canyon. Mr. Green has always been big on coupling the Sasquatch with science, and rightly so. It is a serious topic and one with tremendous importance and possibly unbelievable implications, worthy of more than just tabloid fodder. However, the unemotional Green fails to cover the people aspect, the human side of the Sasquatch hunt. He could have, for instance, written quite extensively about his late friend, Bigfoot hunter Bob Titmus, who lived for many years just walking distance from Green's residence. And of his up but mostly down relationship with possibly the most famous Bigfooter of all time, the late Rene Dahinden. Readers want to know what Titmus was like and the same for Dahinden. Oh well, perhaps another book, another author. For now, however, John Willison Green, author of many works on the Sasquatch studies, has certainly cemented his place in history for having the willingness to go forward no matter what the cost.

18.

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